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Tuesday, Dec. 19, 44

Dear Darling Dolores;

I miss you so very much. I do wish I could spend this Christmas with you and I hope that, since I can't, it will be the only one I ever have to spend away from you. I do so want to be with you to love you and kiss you as you should be loved and kissed.

Today has been mailless Tuesday as far as I'm concerned. There was a lot of mail, packages that is, but none for me. Hop got two packages of food which included a jar of olives, cheese, sardines, fruit cocktail and candy. We're going to save it for a plunge Thursday night when we'll have beer to go with it. We'll have to figure out a way to get some bread for our feast. That is a problem.

The packages that come through unscathed are the ones in cans or in plywood boxes. The ones in cardboard boxes are usually quite crushed. It's also a good idea to put the address inside as well as outside the package in case the

address should be washed off. I do hope your package reaches me by Christmas because I'm quite anxious to find out what you sent me. You never would tell me would you? You're quite mean to keep me in suspense that way. You'll just have to reform when you marry me or I'll probably have to resort to wife beating to straighten you out. Don't laugh, feel that muscle, relaxed. Don't I frighten you at all Darling. You don't seem to believe I would hit you. You know don't you. I can love you to death though. A fit punishment for anyone who teases people. A fit punishment and a pleasurable one to administer. I'll have to give it a try when once again I return to have and to hold you.

My pattern of life is going to be disrupted tomorrow when I shall have to miss the boxing bouts. According to the schedule, I shall be Charge of Quarters from 5:00 PM till 7:30 PM. It will be an easy job and I'll be able to get plenty of sleep. Hop is on C.Q. tonight from 7:30 PM till 10:00 PM.

Last night we again paid our respects to Hollywood's leading industry and



saw a picture depicting frustration at its highest point, except for the frustration of our love life. It was the picture "Devotion" starring Olivia de Havilland, Ida Lupino, Paul Henreid, a ghost, a roni, and the English moors. The story was the biography of the Brontë sisters - whose lives were as weird as their books. I thought the picture would end with a round robin suicide, but no, the characters all contracted unexplained illnesses which brought them to untimely, or timely, as you wish - ends. It wasn't bad.

The natives are doing a little work around here trying to dig a drainage ditch so this place won't become a third inland sea whenever it rains. They go at their work a little too enthusiastically, though, and all afternoon their Tarzan like calls echo through the jungle in back of our tents. They take great delight in trying to outshout one another. They are just like kids when they work. If we are watching them they'll try to show off and show us how nicely they can wield the machetes. Then they try to get cigarettes from us. I get a kick out of watching them.

I'd better be careful. The candles are melting down and the wax is running down onto the paper as you can see by looking on the last page. I'm splurging this evening and have two candlepower light. I have two stubs of candles left and am using them in lieu of the large candle I have. I'll save that for later. When we have our apartment we'll have to eat our dinner in by candlelight once in a while. That's the next best thing to having a fireplace. We'll have the fireplace in our own home though. That is an essential item which we aren't going to do without. One with a very nice rug in front of it that we can lay on and bask in the warmth and light of a nice warm fire. That will really be living Darling. Doing anything with you will be living marvelously.

A couple of the boys in here are discussing the question of the potency of American soldiers - i.e. me - when we return to the States from the South Pacific. They are both agreed that the soldiers will present quite a potent in every sense of the word - problem for the American girl to deal with. I'm inclined to agree as I've told you in a lot of previous letters

when I warned you you'd have to cope with love in the first degree. I'm starved for the sight of you and the feel of your softness against me, your kisses and the sublime pleasure of just being with you.

At last I was on a winning volleyball team. This afternoon, after losing a tough opening game 21-19 we came back and took the second game 21-2 and 21-12. The games are quite funny because the points are very hotly contested. The arguments are as much fun as the game is, the fellows take them so darned seriously. It reminds me of the games we used to have in Lansing with Jess Trowbridge acting as court lawyer. I wonder how old Jess is. He was certainly a very iritative person. I'd even consider rooming with him to be near you though Sweet. That should give you a rough idea of just how much I want to be with you.

This stationery is some given me by Ludwig. He decided he'd only write V-Mail letters so rather than let it go to waste he gave it to me. I always said that the good lord, or Ludwig, would provide. I got quite a few sheets too. Am I using the correct method of



numbering the pages? I know you always had trouble with my numbering of pages when I wrote on this ~~ft~~ folded stationery before.

A couple of us just polished off a can of tuna fish and a can of grapefruit. These Christmas packages are certainly a great help to my diet. They supplement it very nicely.

I'm convinced that Arthur has left where he was and has gone North because I haven't heard from him at all. I guess you know where he has gone because your ouija board said that I too would go there. Who knows, I probably shall much later. The fates are taking good care of me just for you, they are taking no chances on anything happened to me. This place is even safer than back home because there isn't such a great danger of slipping in a bathtub or being run down by a car. The only danger is a slow death from boredom. There's only the vicarious pleasure of sharing the experiences of someone in a moving picture every evening for a change from our tropical atmosphere.

Say, just by way of idle curiosity, when do you think we should get ourselves a dog. Do you think it would be best to get him

right away so he could be fairly grown up when Michael comes, or do you think we should wait for Michael and let them grow up together? Of course it really isn't an immediately pressing problem but I just happened to think of it as I constructed another dream for us from candlelight. Candlelight is so inducive to dreaming. You should try it sometime.

While daydreaming I also happened to think of your beauty spot, the mole. I like it you know. It intrigues me. I'd love to have it and you right here with me. It is so nice being with you my Darling. Remember the morning I got into dancing bright and early and went out to the house only to find that your mother and father had gone up North and left you in sole possession of the house. Then later we had to get Mrs. Isgood to put me up, although it would have been much nicer to just stay right there with you. I wish I had now that I think back on it. If I were to be there now I know I'd do differently. You were quite mean then not to let me you know. But I'll forgive you if you promise never to

let it happen again.

Well, Sweetheart, I'll have  
to leave you another day but remember  
that my thoughts are of you

Always  
Freddie